

The History of

A poore unminded Outlaw sneaking home,
 My Father gave him welcome to the shore:
 And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,
 He came but to the *Duke of Lancaster*,
 To sue his liberty and beg his peace,
 With teares of innocency, and terms of zeale:
 My father in kind heart and pity mov'd;
 Swore his assistance and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the Lords and Barons of the *Realme*,
 Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
 The more and lesse came in with cap and knee,
 Met him in *Boroughs, Cities, Villages*,
 Attend him on Bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heires, as pages followed him,
 Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes:
 He presently, as greatnesse knowes it selfe,
 Steps me a little higher then his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
 Upon the naked shore at *Ravenspurgh*,
 And now forsooth takes on him to reforme
 Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees
 That lay too heavy on the common-Wealth,
 Cries out upon abuses, seemes to weepe
 Over his Countries wrongs, and by this face
 This seeming brow of Justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for;
 Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personall in the *Irish warre*.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this:

Hot. Then to the poynt.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soone after that, depriv'd him his life,
 And in the necke of that, task't the whole State:
 To make that worse, suffered his kinsman *March*,
 Who is, if every owner were plac'd,

Indeed

Henry the

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd
 There without rancome to lie
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victorie
 Sought to intrap me by intelligence
 Rated my Uncle from the *Crown*
 In rage dismiss'd my father from
 Broke oath on oath, committed
 And in conclusion, drove us to
 This head of safety, and withal
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance

Blunt. Shall I returne this an

Hot. Not so, *Sir Walter*. Wee
 Goe to the King, and let there be
 Some surety for the safe returne
 And in the morning early shall
 Bring him our purpose, and to

Blunt. I would you would

Hot. And't may be, so we sh

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbishop of To

Arch. Hy, good *Sir Michael* bea
 With winged haste to the *Lor*
 This to my cosin *Scroope*, and al
 To whom they are directed. I
 How much they do import, yo

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I gue

Arch. Like enough you doe
 To morrow, good *Sir Michael*,
 Wherein the fortune of ten th
 Must bide the touch: For *Sir*, at
 As I am truly given to under
 The King with mighty and qu
 Meets with Lord *Harry*, and I f
 What with the sicknesse of *No*
 Whose power was in the first p
 And what *Owen Glendowers* abse
 Who with them was rated firm